RED RIDING HOOD

AN

OPERATIC INTERLUDE,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

FRANCIS W. S. REY, ESQUIRE.

THE LIBRETTO

BY

VARIOUS HANDS.

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First performed at the Music Hall, Quebec, on Friday 24th February, 1854.

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER, GRANDMOTHER, . . . Mr. Kimber,

RED RIDING HOOD, . . . Mr. F. W. Sket,

WOLF, ... Mr. Braun,

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, &c.

310861

RED RIDING HOOD.

Act 1.

CENE A CUT WOOD.—RED RIDING HOOD'S COTTAGE ON THE LEFT.

(As the Curtain rises, Villagers enter right hand and come forward.)

CHORUS.

Wake from your slumber deep
Pride of our forest glade,
Wake—from your morning sleep
Lovely and happy maid !—

See—the bright dawning sky?
List—how we sing and sigh !
Open your lattice high,
Queen of our May.

Maiden so fair and true
Long have we waited you !
Sadly your absence rue,
Whilst you delay.

Awake—awake, &c.

VILLAGER.—
She comes !

(Enter Red Riding Hood and Mother.)

ED RIDING HOOD.—(recit.)
I greet ye my friends, happiness is mine this morning, for in the smile of those glad faces I read a kindly welcome.

OTHER.—
See daughter, already have your friends in early morning, searched each garden bower, searched each forest glade, to deck thee as their Queen of May.

RED RIDING HOOD.—
Joy, joy, joy!—Queen of the May.—Then all my hopes and dreams are true!—

RED RIDING HOOD.—(Solo.)
Glad as this golden day
Bounds my happy heart,
Glad in these Realms of May
To act the Royal part.

The trees of haughty height
Shall bow their heads before me,
The flowers so sweet and bright
Will as their Queen adore me.
Glad as the golden day, &c., &c.

MOTHER.—(recit.)
Come, come sweet daughter, bid your kind friends adieu—Kind Sirs, she shall attend ye to the village green—and lead your sport.

CHORUS.
Hail to our forest Queen!
Lovely Red Riding Hood!
Never was maiden seen
Blooming so fair and good.

Hence! where our May pole high
Points to the sunny sky,
Friends—let's away!
No longer stay,
The throne prepare.

Lilies and Roses fine,
All in a garland twine,—
Friends—let's away!
No longer stay,
The throne prepare.

(Exeunt Villagers.)

RED RIDING HOOD and MOTHER, come forward.—

MOTHER.—(R. H.)
My sweetest daughter thy small heart must beat
Such kindness from thy village friends to meet,
That all the lads and lasses of the place
Should come to serenade thy silly face.
Some say thou'rt pretty, but 'tis very clear
They all talk nonsense, dont believe them dear—
Thou should'st have seen thy mother seated high
Some years ago. (not many by the bye,)
Upon the May-day throne. How with a wave

Majestic of my May-day wand—I gave
The sign for dance and chorus to begin,
And sports in honor of their *beauteous* Queen.

RIDING HOOD.—(L. H.)
Their *beauteous Queen! Mamma,* I thought you said
That *you* were on the throne, their sports to head
And you although a dear, old, sweet, old Ma,
Were never beautiful—that is Papa
Said oft . . . . . .

MOTHER.—(aside.)
T'is well the wretched man is dead.
(Aloud.) What put such utter nonsense in your head?
A man he was without a spark of taste
Indeed to marry him was utter waste.

RIDING HOOD.—Without a spark of taste mamma! but Oh!
He showed some taste when he selected you.

MOTHER.— No, not the least. I owned him life and limb,
He chose not me, but I selected him.

RIDING HOOD.—Selected him mamma!

MOTHER.— . . . . . Of course I did.
The truth in love affairs is often hid
Beneath a world of bashful looks and sighs
Of coy behaviour—blushes—down cast eyes.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh ma, do'nt go on so,—

MOTHER.— . . . . . Do'nt go on so!

RIDING HOOD.—I never had a love affair you know,
At least—that is—perhaps—

MOTHER.— . . . . . Hey day what's now?

RIDING HOOD.—Pray is it wrong to blush mamma?

MOTHER.— . . . . . I vow
You are the oddest girl I ere came near.

RIDING HOOD.—(Crossing to R. H.)
The oddest girl—well perhaps I am Ma dear,
And yet I look around—How many graces
This happy town affords—And beauteous faces
Radiant with smiles. Oh be it mine
To follow their example. A design
I have just formed—but I shall fail I fear
To mock such grace as that assembled *here.*

MOTHER.— As that assembled *here*? of course you mean
Out yonder, round the May-pole on the green.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh any where you please mamma, but say
What must I do to win their hearts to day?

MOTHER.— Dress well—dance well—put on your cloak and hood,—
The color suits your face.

RIDING HOOD.— . . . . . T'was very good
Of you to give it me, my dear mamma,
But then the girls like red cloth better far
When made into a coat.

MOTHER.— . . . . . And poor the chance
Of sober coated knaves. Why who can dance,
Or sing, or flirt—like him whose coat is red.
Oh *how* they flirt! Your father often said—

RIDING HOOD.—What is't to flirt mamma? I do not know.

MOTHER.— T'is better that you learn to spin and sew
Than learn to flirt just yet, t'is no use preaching,
But take my word t'will come without much teaching.

RIDING HOOD.—It must be very nice.

MOTHER.— . . . . . T'is nonsense daughter
You know far better, Miss, at least you ought to.

RIDING HOOD.—*Daughter* and *ought to* make a sorry rhyme.

MOTHER.— I could not find a better in the time
Besides I use whatever rhymes I please
Just those that come to me with greatest ease,
So Miss, don't you find fault, for I wont stand it.

RIDING HOOD.—Oh! Ma, you speak to me like any bandit—
I'm sure I beg your pardon.

MOTHER.— . . . . . So you ought.

RIDING HOOD.—To offend you so, indeed I never thought.

MOTHER.— There that will do—but listen while I tell ye
How you must take some cakes, and fruit and jelly,
A bottle of sweet wine, but first decant it.

RIDING HOOD.—D'ont let us talk mamma, supposed we chant it.

(They Sing.) DUETT.

MOTHER.—

To the cottage in the valley
Where your ancient grandame dwells,
Take this offering.—Do not dally
Midst the lonely brakes and fells.

RIDING HOOD.—

Yes!—I'll hasten to the valley
Through the woodland wild and drear,
On my way I will not dally
Nor delay,—my mother dear.

(Together)

There { I shall, / thou wilt. } pass the flowing stream,
Wandering on beneath the shade
All dark and gloomy.—There no gleam
Paints with gold the grassy glade.

MOTHER.—

Take these cakes, my daughter dearest
With this cream and summer flowers
Joy is her's when thou appearest
Cheerer of her lonely hours.

RIDING HOOD.—Yes! hasten, &c.

(Together.)

There { I shall, / thou wilt. } pass, &c.

(Exit mother into cottage.)

RED RIDING HOOD.—When hungry wolves their lair had made,
Beneath the thickets tangled shade,
I trembled every limb with fear—
Whene'er I pass'd that wood so drear,
But now the hunters noble trade,
Has cheered us with his timely aid;
And glittering 'neath the sunny sky,
Our village boasts prosperity.

(Enter mother with basket containing bottle &c.)

MOTHER.—

To the cottage in the valley, &c.

RED RIDING HOOD.—

(During which, enter Wolf at back—unseen by R. R. H. or Mother)

Yes! I hasten, &c.

R. R. H. and MOTHER.—

There { I shall, / thou shalt. } pass, &c.

(and while R. R. H. and mother sing the above, the wolf sings.)

(Aside.)

What do I see? a maiden fair—
A tender morsel should be there—
Those eyes so bright! how soft her hair!
Oh may I have her flesh to tear.

(Mother puts on Red R. Hood cloak for her.)

WOLF.—(aside.)

Yes, Yes, I see, a maiden fair
Oh may I have her flesh to tear,
But first to rid me of the dame
Then counterfeit love's wasting flame.

R. R. H. and MOTHER.

To the cottage in the valley,
I will, / Thou wilt. } go my, { mother / daughter } dear.

(Wolf rushes forward and plucks mother by the skirt wh. screams, and Exit—while R. R. H. screams, runs to right hand and kneels.)

RED RIDING HOOD.—(recit) Oh mother dear where art thou gone?

WOLF comes forward to L. H.

RIDING HOOD.—Just Heaven help me!—mother, oh! my mother,
She cannot hear me. (*The wolf approaches*)
(To the wolf.) . . . . . Sir I am another
Than her you seek—I do not know you, never—
Have had the—leave me—introduction ever—

WOLF.—(aside complacently.—L. H.)
Poor thing! she's agitated; how her heart is beating
These strong emotions rather spoil the eating
She'll soon be calmer—(*thinking*)
. . . . . Say in a few hours
(Aloud) And then—ahem—I'll pay her my *devours*—
Dear creature!—do'nt be frightened—that's a darling
It's all my fun, if you have heard me snarling,
Pray dont mistake me—I am not a thief
I love you tenderly, and past belief—
You're dressed with taste—and nothing is genteeler
I rob YOUR clothes!—do'nt take me for a *peeler*
I'd scorn the base insinuation to your cheek
I've got a muzzle but I'm not a *beak*
I've heard that ladies set much store on dress
(Aside.) I've re-assured her on that point—I guess.

RIDING HOOD.—In every nerve of my frail frame I tremble—
If I would live, I must my fears dissemble
Must soothe this savage beast so false of tongue
Subtle with age, deceitful to the young,
Must veil the sickening horror that I feel
And this poor palpitating bosom steel?
(Aloud.) Sir.—this encounter—is quite unexpected
Is this path often by your grace selected?

WOLF.— Oh very oft! for I like you—shun all
And love a quiet constitutional
The path of duty here-to-fore, t'will prove
(Kneeling.) To-day sweet Riding Hood the path of love—
Be mine—be mine—together we shall dwell
In some lone flower-wreathed, and, quiet dell
There shall we eat in bliss profound and deep
The ruddy apple, and the tender sheep,
And though we'll share our morsels, thin or thick,
With you I'll never have a bone to pick.

RIDING HOOD.—My Lord is witty.—t'is a foud conceit
Of such attention, I am hardly meet—

WOLF (aloud) You're *meat* enough for me—(aside) forsooth—
She's no idea how I speak the truth.

RIDING HOOD.—My Lord,—I have a mother—tenderly beloved
From her to-day I have unduly roved
Let me go seek her ere the dark come on
To let her know the fortune I have won
To ask her blessing on our mutual vows
And print fond kisses on her anxious brows—
WOLF.—(aside.) I know the Lady, rather fond of snuff,
A widow—most respectable—but tough!
(Aloud.) Yes dearest Riding Hood,—the lengthening day
Warns you—no longer out of doors to stay—
RIDING HOOD.—Then of your presence I must be bereaved;
How glad I am! I mean—how much I'm grieved.
WOLF.—(smiling.) My person pleases you—my words beguile
(Affectedly) They tell me—I've a captivating smile.
RIDING HOOD.—(aside.)
An odious leer.—(aloud.) indeed it is most merry
A smile of sunshine—captivating—very!
WOLF.— And do you like my whiskers dear?
RIDING HOOD.—. . . . . A few,
I see you've joined the moustache movement too.
WOLF.— Of course I have—so juvenile and dashing
You'd wish to see your lover in the fashion?
RIDING HOOD.—Yes dear—but—hem! there yet remains one clause.
Can you support me?
WOLF.— . . . . . What love! with my paws?
RIDING HOOD.—No with your purse—
WOLF.— . . . . . How dearest can you ask?
With my long purse t'will be a grateful task
Through a long life with shade and shunshine
To show what *pursy*-verance can effect. [flecked
RIDING HOOD.—(aside.—crossing L. H.)
Oh I'm so thankful! can it be a dream?
That this is real I can hardly deem
I fear I'll wake up in his cruel claws
And hear my bones all crackle in his jaws
But no—the Wolf is love sick—really smitten
An illustration of the bitter bitten.
WOLF.—(aside.) I've a plan—Two meals are more than one
I'll hurry onward thro' the twilight dun,
And when successful—o'er my glass of wine
On three generations, in three courses dine.
WOLF.—(aloud.) Now go my love—go seek your grandma's home
The path is straight, nor have you far to roam—
No cruel beasts within the forest prowl
No ugly bat, nor Cochin-China fowl.—
RIDING HOOD.—And there no double-headed eagle flies
With blood stained beak and dull red cruel eyes

Eager to swoop upon it's helpless prey
And gorge till powerless to move away;
No cruel brigands who may rob or burk ye,
Nor Bear to bully a defenceless Turkey.

WOLF.— Go, go my love nor longer linger here,
Your grandma waits you (crossing to L. H. and taking bottle,) and the bottled beer
I see you carry does not long keep clear
Here let me taste it (*takes the bottle and drinks*) villanous by Gad!

(Finishes bottle and hands it back.)

(Gasping.) Was ever stuff so poisonous and bad!
I'm glad your grandame did not taste such liquor
T'would only make the poor old creature sicker.

RIDING HOOD.—My Lord, it is the best of bottled beer,
Strengthens the system, makes the voice more clear.

WOLF.— What! clears the voice? come on—I'll chant a stave,
Choose you the subject—loving, gay or grave?

RIDING HOOD.—(Hesitating and blushing.)
Loving—my Lord—(aside.) I'd sing my own death dirge
To rid myself of such a hateful scourge.

WOLF.— Sing out then boldly—music is a feast.

RIDING HOOD.—With charms to mollify the savage beast.

(They Sing.)

RIDING HOOD.—
Your words out pouring
Of love adoring
My peace restoring
Made me relent.

WOLF.—
Blest be our meeting!
When at my greeting
And fond entreating
You blushed consent.

BOTH.—
Hearts beat with pleasure
Loud to one measure
Love is a treasure
From Heav'n sent.

How could I dream of other eyes
Or think that life was gay
How could I praise the golden skies
When thou wer't far away!—

All other eyes are dim to me
No smile but thine is gay
My very life is dead to me
While thou art far away!
How could I dream, &c.

ACT DROP FALLS.

Act 2.

SCENE interior of Grand-mother's cottage—door in flat also cupboard door on right hand, low couch, right hand—table with chairs left hand.—

INTRODUCTION.—Grandmother discovered knitting at table.—

GRANDMOTHER.—

Degenerate world I say—I've great misgiving—
That after all 'tis not the place to live in,
All gratitude is gone, this lifes a bother.
My very daughter has forgot her mother—
Where is the cake, and wine she promised me?
The morn's quite past, and now its half past three,
Her time was ten,—where is Red Riding Hood?
It really puts one in a testy mood,
To wait all day.—The girls of modern days
Are quite degenerate in their ways—
They'll not make grandames such as I, I fear
I scarce look *forty* in my *seventieth* year,
So says the parson's son, a handsome youth.
(A parson's son *must* always tell the truth,)
And if he says I look quite young and charming
Why not believe him?—there can be no harm in—
Your modern men are always out of doors
Up to some nonsense, really horrid boors.
And to their mills each pleasure must be grist,
Clubs where they eat beafsteak and clubs for whist,
Give me this quiet vale where all is cosey
Where *you* know all, and every body knows ye—
Degenerate world I say—now let me peep out,
The girl that comes so late must mean to sleep out.
(goes to door and looks out.)
No, no, she's not in sight—I cannot see her,
Some harm has happen'd to the girl I fear!
She may have tumbled souse into the brook,
And there be drown'd—I'll have another look—
No she's not there—Oh may her life be spared
Degenerate girl!—I'll have the spare bed aired—

And though her conduct to me's rather cruel
A dash of brandy in a cup of gruel
Although it seldom does become *a Miss*
May well *become* her supper—but of this
Take my advice all ye I have my eyes on
Avoid the bottle as ye would rank poison !
Degenerate world !—once more I've great misgiving
That after all t'is *not* the place to live in.
Oh ! for a grand Trunk Railway, that would take us
Straight to the moon—I fear the *sun* might bake us,
But her *pale rays* would *raise* our spirits quite
Beyond the *Pale* of Sorrow, day and night—
But for the present I must waste my worth
And live—Alas !—upon degenerate earth.
The Rail I fear is useless till next spring,
So to console me, I'll begin to sing.

(Sings.)

BALLAD.

Within a bower so gay,
That beauties hand had made,
A lovely rose one day,
Hung blushing in the shade—
A maiden fair pass't by,
With foot steps tripping light,
With modest down cast eye,
And smiles divinely bright,
She pluck'd that lovely flower,
But little thought the maid,
That e'en in one short hour
Heighho ! Heighho !
Beyond all earthly power
T'would languish droop and fade
Heighho ! Heighho ! Heighho !

She pluck'd that fragrant rose
She twined it in her hair
And nought more beauteous grows,
Than rose and maiden fair—
But soon all beauty pass'd
That flower she loved so well,
All scatter'd by the blast
In fluttering circlets fell
Alas, alas she cried,
Tho' maids like roses bloom
And sadly thus she sigh'd
Heighho ! Heighho !
Borne on by natures tide
We sink into the tomb
Heighho ! Heighho ! Heighho !

(Sings.)

Why I'm quite out of breath, what can it be?
I'll *lave* my sorrows in a cup of tea,
And I would *leave* them altogether there,
Had I the power—for I've lots to spare.
Now for the tea-things. (Goes to cupboard.)

(Enter Wolf.)

WOLF.—(aside.) . . . . . Hurrah! the door's not locked,
I rather guess the old one will be shocked
To see a visitor, just now, like me—
Ahem!

GRANDMOTHER.—(not seeing him.)

Now then I'll have a cup of tea.

(She turns round, runs against the Wolf, drops tea things, rushes out at a side door and slams it after her.)

WOLF.—(coming forward.)

Ha, ha! she's safe, there she may lie and bellow
Before I let her out from yonder cellar—
I fear she'll make a toughish piece of meat,
Unless like tough beef steaks, she's first well beat.
But what to do with her? Aye there's the rub!
I know—I'll send her to the beef-steak club
Or as they now are called, St. Hamel's Monks,
Who eat beef-steaks and bread in mighty hunks,
As did their ancient brethren without question,
Yet he who swallows her with good digestion
Altho' a monk—and doffs the monkish frock a while,
Must have a stomach like a Crocodile—

WOLF.—(picks up tea pot.)

What have we here?—(*tastes its contents.*)
. . . . . A most mysterious fluid
Mawkish and sweet—like luke warm mutton suet
Does the old beldame quaff aught else I wonder?

(Looks round him.)

Ha! can it be?—no—yes—a bottle yonder
A large black bottle (takes and smells it) what a perfect treasure!
Brandy—a quart—Hurrah! imperial measure
No *gills* for me—just now two *highly* prized
They make a fellow horribly disguised,
Half measure never set the soul on fire,
I go the whole thing *Meux* and co's entire,

(*Takes a chair places his feet on table and drinks*)

How pleasant is it with extended feet,
So quaff one's *bitters* ere one taste the *sweet*,
And then *such* sweets! the joy half makes me wild,

To dine on grandmama, mama, and child;
Oh tender Riding Hood so soft and mellow
(T'is true the rest's but leather and prunella)
A most substantial banquet for a sinner,
A quiet unpretending *family* dinner.
I saw once seated at her cottage door
This wretched woman smoking—she has store
Of all things needful to produce that smoke,
Which folds the dreamer in it's gauzy cloak;
(Indignantly.)I woul'dnt *steal* for all the world—ahem!—
But all must act to me, as I to them
I gave the crone full many a sturdy rap,
And in return I've tasted of her *tap*,
She *piped her eye* because I drank her swipes
It's only fair now I should *eye her pipes;*
(Takes pipe, lights it, smokes, having first lit candle, then coming forward with bottle in hand, Sings:—)

SONG—WOLF.—

Fill, fill the cup before ye,
Brave Bacchus I adore ye,
Then drink—let us drink,
Let us drink for tomorrow we die,
Our souls we'll bathe in rosy wine,
And quaff it to the god divine,
Then drink—let us drink
In the cup we will drown every sigh,;
Cares may oppress ye,
Sorrow distress ye,
Then drink mortal drink!
In the goblet wash down every woe,
Hence with all sadness
Come mirth and gladness,
Drink mortal drink!
Bid the nectar in torrents to flow.
Drink! drink! drink!
Drink, for tomorrow we die,
&c., &c., &c.

(Looking out of the window)
She's coming—good! my dinner's on the road,
From off my mind it takes a heavy load;
Dear little dinner for which so long I've fished
You little know how soon you're to be dished;
Ah perseverance never is in vain,
My worthy wolf! we'll have another drain;
(Wolf puts the bottle to his mouth—disappointedly)
What nothing left! no sauce for each sweet dish,
That wretched woman drinks like any fish

(Looks at the bottle again.)
The cork's stuck fast—no—this wants harder tapping.
(Taps bottle on table—Cork comes out—wolf drinks.)
Now I call this a first rate *spirit rapping*,
A blessed medium makes the head much clearer
Ho, ho! Red Riding Hood is coming nearer,
T'is very strange, and cause for much amazement
But as the grandame's hiding in the basement
I'll just go down—surprize the dame
Hid there so snugly—?
Death is a bitter *cup* but nought could make,
Her *mug* more ugly—(exit.)
(Soft music.)
(Enter Riding Hood seats herself at the table—exhausted.)
RIDING HOOD.—Home—home at last! thanks gracious powers above
I seek my home as the poor wearied dove
Drops to her nest, when down from the blue sky
She falls—fast followed by the hawks shrill cry,
Her home is reached, he may not enter there,
But baffled pauses—hovering in mid air
(Rising) But gracious! what a most peculiar smell
Tobacco certainly—and spirits—well!
Poor grandmama must be at her wits ends
Or entertained a party of her friends
Not a most choice one, for it seems they drink
Out of the bottle, and I rather think
They've only used one pipe, it's very clear,
They've had a dissipated party here
That smoke half chokes me—do'nt feel quite the thing
To raise my drooping spirits I must sing—
(Sings.)
BALLAD.—(RIDING HOOD)—

"THE HEATHER BELL."

The words by Mr. H. Drayton—The music by Joseph F. Duggan.—

I love to wander o'er the hills,
And breath the mountain air so free,
With rapture then my bosom thrills
I revel in my liberty;
I love my cottage home'tis there
Content and happiness I find,
My heart is ever free from care!
For all are faithful true and kind,
And with my merry mountain lay,
Oft in the valley then I go,

All joyous as I take my way,
Down where the heather bells do grow.

Happy am I, I gaily sing,
And while the winter hours away,
And anxious watch the coming spring,
Where nature all seems blithe and gay ;
Sweet flowers I pluck by mountain stream,
And gaze upon their fragile forms,
And as I pluck them it would seem,
I shelter them from coming storms
I would not change my mountain home,
For all that wealth and pomp could show,
Give me the valley let me roam,
Down where the heather bells do grow.—

(Enter Wolf.)

WOLF.— Bravo—Bravissimo, I in raptures dwell
Encore, divine, enchanting, pretty well.

(RIDING HOOD screams and rushes L. H.)

WOLF (R. H.)—
(Aside.) With tender flesh these strong emotions taint it
(Aloud.) This is an unexpected pleasure ai'nt it ?—
Do'nt take on so, or kick up all this bobbery.
There aint no murder done nor yet no robbery ;

RIDING HOOD.—You love me sir ?
WOLF.— . . . . . Stomachically—yes—
RIDING HOOD.—Must I then die ?—
WOLF.— . . . . . You must I rather guess
RIDING HOOD.—What die unshrived ? not one sin overlooked—
Die unprepared ?
WOLF.— . . . . . Oh perfectly *uncooked*
Your grandame's hidden where I can't discover
Or by this time her history would be over
This makes me all the hungrier—I know
Disguise is useless—death is present—So !—

(Seizes her roughly.)

RIDING HOOD.—Oh spare me ! spare me ! let me live one hour.
(*Wolf drags her towards the couch R. H.*)
One hour my Lord—I do not ask for more
T'is a few minutes only let me live
Then my life—most cheerfully I'll give,
(*Wolf throws her on the couch.*)
Mercy is gone, oh monster most accursed !
You can but Kill me— ah I know your worst
Death is the worst—The spirit like a bird
Will soar from earth—(*faints*)

WOLF (L. H.) . . . . . Dramatic 'pon my word !
But now to business quite à la Othello,
In scenes like this a ready witted fellow

He used pillow—well—I've no objection—
Strangling's a death not easy of detection
But that's no object.

(*Solemn music, Blows out candle, Stage darkned.*)

(In a sepulchral voice.)

Welcome churchyard night,
Put out the light—and then put out the light.

(Enter grand mother and Chorus—)

(*As the chorus enter with torches gas to be raised to its fullest height.*)

FINALE.

(Exit Wolf)

CHORUS.

Oh what horror ! what grief ! what dismay !
See our Queen—Is she dead ? oh revive her !
In pursuit of the wolf let's away !
We swear he shall not long survive her.

(Grandmother.)

Low in the dust let him perish !
In the woods quickly track and way lay him
So avenge the fair maid that ye cherish,
With your knives—haste, and ruthlessly slay him ?

CHORUS.

Oh what horror, &c., &c.

GRANDMOTHER.—(recit.)
But see she moves—hush she wakens from her [swoon.

RIDING HOOD.—(sighs) Ah !
Mother—dearest mother where art thou ?

GRANDMOTHER.—
Thy mother will be here anon !

RIDING HOOD.—(Starting up and coming forward)
Ah ! where is the monster that attacked me ?

A VILLAGER.—
He perished by this hand—

RIDING HOOD.—
Ah I breath again—

CHORUS.—(coming forward.)
Ah what joy, to despair bid adieu
Let mirth and delight reign around
Let us quickly each pastime renew
And our Queen with garlansd be crown'd

GRANDMOTHER.—
Though the villain thy life could have taken
Thou art spared to thy friends and to joy—
Oh what bliss, from thy swoon thou didst waken
And our day has no cares to annoy.—

CHORUS.

Oh what joy &c., &c.

RIDING HOOD.—

I little thought that wolf had made
His lair beneath the thickets shade,
I trembled every limb with fear,
When I beheld the wretch so near.
But now my friends so brave and true,
My life this day was saved by you
And gratitude indeed I owe
That you have dealt this timely blow—

GRANDMOTHER.—

Now a sermon I must preach
And have a word to say to each
Try my dears and all be good
Be warned by Little Riding Hood.

CHORUS.

Ah what joy, &c., &c.,
Hence away—Hence away, &c., &c.

CURTAIN FALLS.

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